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ABSTRACT

This quarterly publication of the State Historical Society of Iowa features articles and activities for elementary school students. This summer issue focuses on the topic of lake life. The issue includes the following features: (1) "Where the Lakes Are Map"; (2) "Letter from the Lake"; (3) "Lake People"; (4) "Spirit Lake"; (5) "Lake Manawa"; (6) "Clear Lake Scrapbook"; (7) "How to Build a Super Sand Castle"; (8) "The Roller Coaster Discovery"; (9) "Arnolds Park"; (10) "Great Lakes Maze"; (11) "Wild Rosie Goes to the Beach"; (12) "The Ice Harvest"; (13) "Ice Harvest Game"; and (14) "How Clean Are Our Lakes?" Among the magazine's regular features (or "Departments") are "History Makers"; "Who's Who"; "Answers"; and "The Roost." Subscription information and facts about a new contest also are included. (SG)

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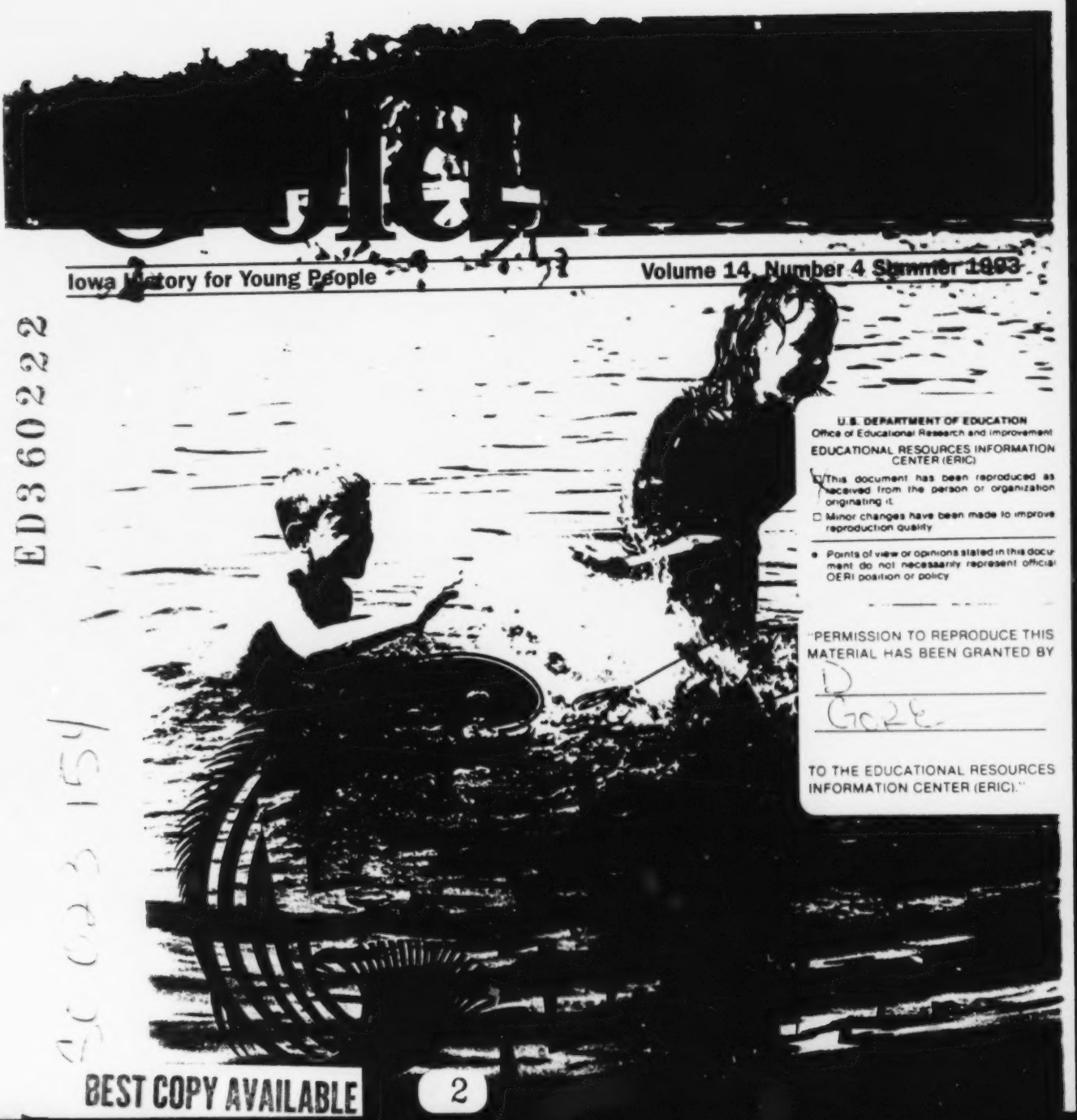
Cobblestone

Iowa History for Young People

Volume 14, Number 4 Summer 1993



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Where the Lakes Are

Jerry Brown

We've highlighted Iowa's major lakes in the map above. The single little blob in the northwest part of the state that we call Iowa's Great Lakes is actually made up of more than a dozen lakes including—West Lake Okoboji and East Lake Okoboji. Turn to page 23 for a more detailed map (and game!) of Iowa's Great Lakes.

Lake Life Contest!
The first five Goldfinch readers who send us a postcard of an Iowa lake receive free Goldfinch subscriptions for the next year. The only catch: On your postcard, tell us one thing you learned about Iowa lakes from this issue of The Goldfinch! Send your postcards to: Lake Life Contest, The Goldfinch, State Historical Society of Iowa, 402 Iowa Avenue, Iowa City, Iowa 52240.

THE Goldfinch
Volume 14, Number 4
Summer 1993

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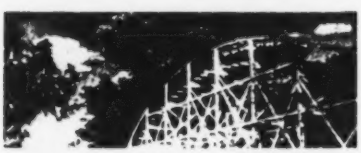
Front cover: Two children play at Lake MacBride in eastern Iowa in 1943! Some things never change—like kids having a primo time at Iowa lakes. Photograph from the State Historical Society of Iowa, Des Moines. **Back cover:** When we were kids: editor Deborah Gore steers her family's boat in 1972 and publication's director, Christie Dailey (far right), shows off her beach ball in 1959.

carneys: a slang word for people who work for a fair

Lake dictionary: Your key to understanding tricky words. The words in blue appear throughout this issue.



Arnolds Park: Whee! Hold on tight as we take you into the past for a story about one of Iowa's most famous amusement parks, see page 22.

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LETTER FROM THE LAKE

Dear Reader,

If I close my eyes and concentrate I can hear the waves lap against the dock. Motor boat engines hum in the distance. A cool breeze sweeps off the lake and ruffles the leaves. In the hot summer sun, the dark water looks refreshing. Then I jump in. Brrr!

Every summer as a kid, my family drove north to The Lake. The Lake was Leech Lake in northern Minnesota. Like many Iowans, we crammed into cars for an all-day drive. My little sister, Nancy, and I read Archie comic books, took naps, and played license plate games to survive the long journey.

We were always hot and cranky by the time we arrived. We'd tumble out of the big old car, smell the pine trees, and run to the top of the hill behind my grandparents' cabin. Below, we'd see the wooden stairs down to the minnow tank, the boat house, the dock, and that unforgettable view—deep blue lake and clear sky.

Dad, Mom, Grandma Gore, my sister Nancy, and me vacationing at The Lake in the late 1960s.

Three weeks at Leech Lake flew by as quickly as the loons diving for fish. The good weather days were full of swimming, floating in old inner tubes, and fishing (we hooked perch, walleye, northern, and bullheads). On rainy days, we stayed inside and played cards. I liked to curl up and read Tarzan and Dark Shadows paperbacks. Sometimes I played with my Indian doll from the Trading Post Gift Shop.

I remember one summer, when it was time to come home to Des Moines. I didn't want to leave! So I dug a hole in the dirt driveway and buried my pink plastic Batman ring. I figured that if I left something of myself at Leech Lake, it would be proof that I'd be back next summer.

I did return, but I could never find that Batman ring. But I still remember the ring and The Lake. I remember my family and the people who aren't here anymore (my grandma and grandpa). And I remember all of the fun we used to have together at The Lake.

My family's experience at a lake in Minnesota isn't too different from that of people who go to Iowa's lakes. Boating, picnicking, swimming, fishing, water-skiing, camping—these are just a few of the reasons why bajillions of people spend time at Iowa's 31 major natural lakes. In this issue of The Goldfinch, we've interviewed one family who has been going to Lake Okoboji for five generations!

You'll read more about the time when people started going to Iowa's Great Lakes. In the late 1880's, there were no cars and few roads in Iowa. People went to the lakes in trains! Railroads were the main developers of lake resorts at Lake Okoboji. The wealthiest people who went to live for the whole summer lived in big expensive homes. Others stayed at resort hotels or in small cottages. Over time, more and more people could afford to go to lakes. People began to go on day trips for picnics and weekend getaways for relaxation and some fishing. Today many people head to Iowa lakes for peace and quiet!

Bathing suit fashions sure have changed, too. Wild Rosie becomes a paper doll and models a few suits.

Since so many people have spent time at Iowa lakes, we wondered what affect tourists and residents have on our lakes. The results may surprise you.

Gotta motor, Deb

P.S. Nice jawin' with you!

Lake People

**Year after year the people come.
In some cases, it's a family thing to do.**

Story and photos by
Millie K. Frese

Alex Pedersen, 13, remembered spending summer days at the lake catching frogs among the trees at Gull Point when he was three years old.

Alex's father, John, spoke of catching small turtles among the reeds, then selling them for about 24 cents each along the highway near the lake. The price, he remembered, depended on the turtle's size.

They keep coming back! The Pedersen family—John, Dona, Alex, Melinda, and Julie—pose in front of their family's cabin on West Lake Okoboji.

Ask John's mother about her earliest memories of summers at the lake and the images carry her back to a time when she sat on her grandmother's lap in one of the big rockers on the family cottage's porch.

Going to the lake—West Lake Okoboji—is nothing new for Alex's family. They've been doing it for five generations.

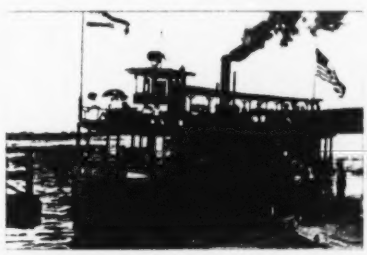
It all started a century ago when Alex's great-great-grandparents, William and Addie Smith, fell in love with the lake. "They'd walk over from Sheldon in the summer with a cow for their own fresh milk and pitch a tent to camp," John Pedersen recalled. In 1896 the Smith's bought a lot with

(continued next page)

White Flag Stops

**Before the days of cars,
how did people get around the lake?**

There were no roads around West Lake Okoboji when Helen Pedersen's grandparents, William and Addie Smith, first went to the lake. Most people arrived on foot or by train. Once there, they depended on steamboats for transportation. Eight to ten steamboats operated on a system much like buses in cities today. To catch one of the boats, a person stood at the end of a dock on the designated route and waved a white towel or a white flag on the end of a cane pole. Passengers rode around the lake to a nearby grocery story, or stopped at a friend's dock, the train station, the campground, or hotels along the shore.



A photograph of an early steamboat

Among the favorite desinations for steamboat passengers on Lake Okoboji in the early 1900s

Lake People (continued from page 5)

Alex Pedersen (on the far right) hangs out with some of his friends at West Lake Okoboji. Many people who go to the lakes every summer make life-long friends.

two small cottages on it. They joined the two units into one cottage. The cottage remains in the family, now owned by John's mother, Helen Pedersen of Waterloo. Today it stands as the oldest cottage on West Lake Okoboji.

Life according to Alex

For Alex, summer days at the lake are filled with swimming, boating, and a little fishing. Alex and his family make the four-hour drive from their home in Waterloo to Lake Okoboji many times each year.

"We go up for six or seven weekends, plus a ten-day stretch every summer," John said. He and Alex also go to the lake by themselves once or twice a year. Alex and his dad sometimes hire a guide to take them out on the lake and show them where the fish are. They catch northern, walleye, and perch.

"When I was about six, I used to dig up worms then fish from the dock," Alex began. "Sometimes

were the dances. In her mother's day, Helen recalls, The Queen would pick people up at their docks and take them to one of five dance halls on the shores of West Lake Okoboji.

Helen attended summer dances at the lake during the Big Band era. But by then steamboats no longer made white flag stops. The age of steamboat travel ended in the early 1920s when Model A's and T's appeared on newly built roads around the lake. Soon passenger trains were obsolete, too.

People still remember The Queen because she outlasted all of Lake Okoboji's other steamboats. Built with a steel hull in 1884, The Queen became an excursion boat after the steamboat transportation system dissolved. The other boats, constructed with wooden hulls, each served about 15 years before being replaced or retired. The Queen carried passengers until 1973.

Today, a replica of the 1884 Queen takes passengers on 1 1/2 hour tours of West Lake Okoboji. Her captain, Stephen Kennedy, tells stories about Indians, pioneers, the old hotels—anything having to do with the history of the lake. "Sometimes people will stand in their yards and wave dish towels at us," he says. That gives him a chance to tell the story about white flag stops and the faithful Queen.

—Millie K. Frese

my next-door neighbor and I—he's my age—pack a lunch, take a little row boat with a six horse-power engine out, and go fishing. Once I caught a muskie with a worm, but mostly I don't have a very good luck with fish."

Boat rides—especially the fast ones—are more Alex's speed. His mom, Dona, said he started driving the speedboat when he was two years old. With a little help, she admitted. For his 12th birthday, Alex got a Laser sailboat which he described as being "fast, but tippy." The summer following that birthday, he said, "I sailed it three times. And tipped it over nine times."

When he's not on—or in—the water, Alex spends his time with friends from the lake playing basketball, going to Arnolds Park (the amusement park on the east side of Lake Okoboji), playing miniature golf, and riding in go-carts.

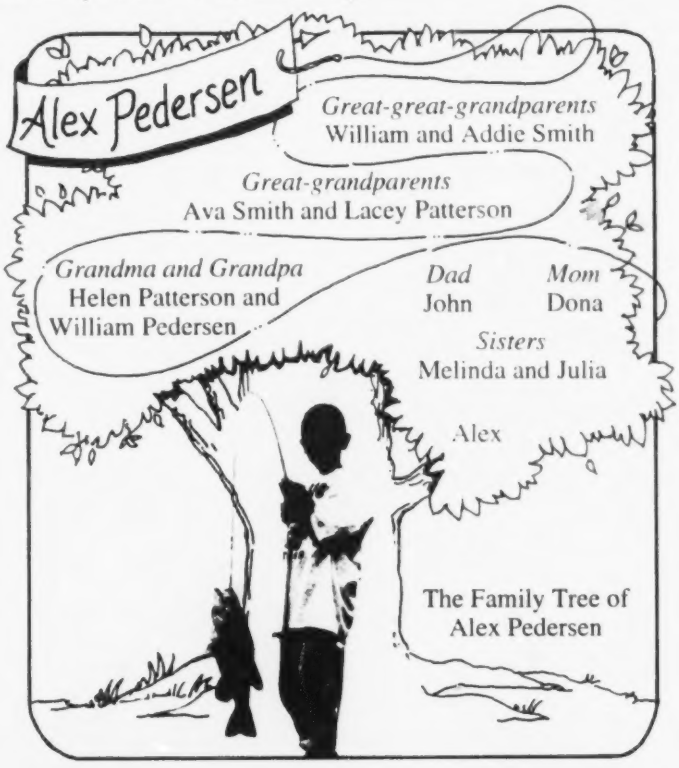
"One of my favorite things is taking the boat over to Kentucky Fried Chicken for lunch," Alex said.

Life according to Alex's parents

Amusement parks. Fast food. Shopping centers. Speedboats. A few things have changed at Lake Okoboji since Great-great-grandpa Smith pitched a tent on the shore and tied up the family cow.

"There are so many more

It's a family tree with Alex at the center. That's a nice fish you caught there, Alex! These five generations have all spent time at the Iowa Great Lakes. What do you think William and Addie Smith would think about Alex and his experiences at West Lake Okoboji?



Lake People (continued from page 7)

cottages and docks around the lake than when I was a kid 30 years ago," John said. "Places where there used to be reeds and marshes have all been developed." That put an end to gathering turtles along the shore. He describes the lake as being "about as clean and clear as it ever was, but there are a lot more boats. Bigger and faster boats."

Amidst all the obvious changes, some things stay the same across time and generations.

"The cottages don't change hands that often," John said. "The kids I played with at the lake while I was growing up come back now and bring their kids. You really see the generations of families when they come together at the lake."

Life for Alex's sisters

Alex's five-year-old sister, Julia, does her best to add excitement to vacations at the lake. "When she was two," Dona recalls, "she was at the end of the dock and dropped her pacifier into the lake. She jumped right in after it." Julia had her life jacket on, but didn't enjoy the cold lake water. (See the box above for water safety tips.)

Melinda, Alex's eight-year-old sister, is a "real fish," according to Dona. Swimming, boat rides, and playing on the sand beaches are her favorite summer pastimes. "Last summer I tried waterskiing," Melinda said. "But I kept falling." Perhaps the best thing about growing up in a family of lake people is that there will always be another chance to try again, another summer filled with new adventures.

Melinda and Julia celebrate summer birthdays. "We always have a birthday party at the cottage with the kids up there," Dona said. The children gather on the porch which wraps around the cottage—the same porch where their grandma sat on her Grandma Smith's lap so many years ago.

Lake traditions

The lake holds memories and creates new ones. It also preserves tradition. Swimming across the lake is a custom—a rite of passage—challenging those who "grow up" at the lake. When someone is old enough and strong enough, the two-mile swim is "the thing to do," John said. "It's about

Water Safety Tips for Kids

1 Learn to swim. The stronger a swimmer you are, the safer you will be.

2 Life jackets and personal flotation devices (PFDs) may not look too cool, but they're the law. Every boat needs to have one for every person, but they won't do you much good if you don't wear them. Even an excellent swimmer can be knocked overboard or hurt and need a PFD. Wear it.

3 Be careful on docks and piers. They can be slippery or the wood can be rotten. And often the water underneath them is rocky and shallow.

4 Never go swimming or boating alone. You should be with a grown-up or lifeguard at all times.

5 If you are in a boat and it tips over, don't panic. Stay with the boat until help comes.

6 Never dive into unfamiliar water. There could be rocks or shallow water there. Always go slowly and with feet first.

7 Don't stand up in a small boat, you could easily fall overboard.

a mile across," he remembers. "You swim to Arnolds Park and back."

Alex's dad swam the lake when he was about ten. His brother and sisters swam the lake when they were kids. Grandma swam the lake when she was 12. As for Alex: "I haven't yet—but I will sometime," he said. He'll have a chorus of lake-swimmers in the family to cheer him on.

It's in the blood

Something about Lake Okoboji keeps them coming back. Every summer the Pedersens get together at the lake with John's two sisters (one comes from as far as Colorado), one brother, their families, and his mother. Dona said it's in their blood. "They (John, his brother, and sisters) have this urge—they just have to get to the lake!"

What keeps them coming back? Maybe it's the the chance to enjoy being young, or to remember being young. Maybe it's the beautiful scenery, water, the thrill of high speed b >at rides, the lazy days. Or it's the time spent with family and lifelong friends in a place offering change from the stuff of everyday life.

Last summer, the yellow cottage that William Smith built on Lake Okoboji was completely renovated. So whatever it is that has kept Alex's family coming to the lake for nearly 100 years, the cottage stands ready to continue hosting the family year after year. Generation after generation. ➧

❶ What does Alex like doing at the lake? What does his father, John, enjoy?
❷ How are these activities the same or different?
❸ What kinds of traditions or activities do you share with your family?

The Pedersens pour over family photograph albums. These pictures hold treasured memories of people and events at Iowa's Great Lakes.

Mike Frew

Spirit Lake

Spirit Lake. The name is wrapped in mystery. Why do you think it's called Spirit Lake? European American history books say that Indians gave it that name. But no one knows for sure. What we do know is that it's a sacred place for many Indians.

"Spirit Lake is reserved for the Creater," said Maria Running Moccasin Pearson, a Dakota Indian, who lives in Ames. She says it is a special place for Indians. Medicine people, or holy people, went to Spirit Lake to pray. Sick people were often taken there to be healed.

But when European Americans arrived in the area in the 1850s, they began to build cabins and homes. Settlers built towns and eventually roads. When the railroad arrived in the 1880s, businesses and tourists flocked to the area. Today thousands of people live and vacation there. And it's this kind of development that keeps Pearson away from what is a special place for Indians.

Pearson first heard about Spirit Lake when she was a child. Her grandparents and parents told her about the sacred lake. As in most Indian families, important stories are passed from generation to generation. Said Maria Running Moccasin Pearson, "It is important for the young people to know our stories." ➧

Steve Thunder-McGuire, who is Seminole Indian and Irish, made this fishing pole in celebration of fishing. It is made out of a real banjo, part of an oar, and fiberglass. The poem (below) appears on the fishing pole.

A Fishing Poem

by Steve Thunder-McGuire

When my Great Grandad, John Foster, went fishing it was his custom to go to a particular place on the Neosho River [in Kansas], when the sky appeared a certain way. There he would remember stories of storms at the river's edge and for him a kind of miracle would transport him back through the ages to primitive days of the landscape. His body would get goosebumps of pure physical delight. He stood very close to the great drama.

Later when my Daddy, Mick, had occasion to witness restless cumulus clouds rush madly upward into the sky and explode in huge masses against the southwestern horizon, he would go to the banks of the Neosho and be gratified by an innate craving for an intimacy with the tremendous roll of the sky and equally immense roll of the earth.

Some years later, still, while fishing on the Neosho, I was solidly grasped by a threatening storm whose approach had been hidden most of the afternoon behind the west bluffs. The sun stopped shining and I looked up to witness the roll of a squall line. Somehow, I actually felt the boundlessness of the drama of life. I took comfort in this sky because it reminded me that part of you keeps moving on forever without coming to an end. ➧

Lake Manawa

When going to the lake was a whole different ballgame!

What did kids one hundred years ago do for fun during the summer? They didn't have air conditioning and—Oh, no!—they couldn't even visit Disneyland! Disneyland didn't exist back then.

But many Iowa families did go to Lake Manawa in Council Bluffs. There, you could go up in a hot air balloon, see elephants take a bath, and at night watch a daredevil woman light herself on fire and then high dive into the water. COWABUNGA!

Lake Manawa was formed in the great flood of 1881. The Missouri River had a tight bend in it, and when the flood made the river overflow, the two parts of the river came together and formed a lake. Because the original channel formed the state boundary, one part fell in Nebraska, the other in Iowa. At first nobody thought the lake would be permanent, and it was just called "Cutoff Lake." Some people began to notice its beauty and began to call it "Lake Manawa." (Possibly from an Indian language meaning "peace and comfort.") In 1886, George Clark of Council Bluffs noticed its beauty and began to plan.

Slides of joy

First, Clark built a fancy hotel complete with ballrooms and restaurants. Boats and ferries began to travel from one side of the lake to the hotel on the other. Special horse drawn carriages called "Tallyhos" carried people

All kinds of people and animals splish-splash in Council Bluff's Lake Manawa. By the end of the 19th century, more than just wealthy people spent time at lakes. Cheaper hotels and cabins were built. By the beginning of the 20th century, working people had more leisure time than in the past to picnic, fish, and swim at Iowa lakes.

12

(continued from page 11)

from Council Bluffs and Omaha back and forth to Lake Manawa. By 1887, people regularly began to go to Lake Manawa for picnics and summer outings.

So many people began to visit that a mini-railway was built just to carry people from Council Bluffs to Lake Manawa. Bathhouses and other special buildings were built for the increasing crowds who gathered every summer at Lake Manawa.

High toboggan slides were built over the water and the biggest one was called the Toboggan of Joy. Boat races started and people began to call the beach at Lake Manawa "Manhattan Beach" and one of the small islands, "Coney Island," after the famous recreation areas in New York.

There was truly something for everyone at Lake Manawa. Huge crowds swam around the new diving rafts floating in the water. Soon Lake Manawa had a merry-go-round, a rollercoaster (the largest one in the West), and a shooting gallery. Children loved riding the mini-railroad built especially for them. Outdoor concerts, and later even outdoor movies, were shown. Circuses sometimes visited. Boxing matches and other sporting events also attracted large crowds. You could watch wild stunts (like the lady who set herself on fire) or watch hot air balloons.

bathhouses: buildings with dressing rooms

toboggan slides
tall slides for coasting into the water

Camping with servants

Many of the well-to-do people in Iowa camped along the shores of Lake Manawa for much of the summer, but their idea of camping is probably different from our's today. They didn't exactly "rough it." Servants usually came along and lived in a separate tent. These super huge tents often had furniture in them. They didn't have fresh water to wash in and so many local children earned money over the summer time by lugging pails of water from the pumps to camping families.

Disasters

Lake Manawa became famous for its disasters as well as its amusements. Tornadoes hit the lake and destroyed buildings. A storm sunk a steamboat and three men were killed. But the worst disaster of all happened when The Kursaal fell.

It happened on July 4th, 1906, at 11:00 o'clock at night when hundreds of people waited on a special dock for boats to pick them up and take them over to the other side of the lake. This two-story structure, called The Kursaal, was not built to hold so many people. All of a sudden it collapsed, plunging more than a hundred people into the water. The screaming could be heard all across the lake. Because there were no lights, the darkness added to the horror. No one was clear about the exact numbers, but about 17 people died.

By 1927 most of the big attractions were closed. Today, much of the lake shore has been developed into a state park where thousands of families once again return to enjoy the lake. Some people think you can still hear the ghosts of Lake Manawa's many visitors if you listen hard enough.

—Susanna Ashton

❶ What did people do for fun at Lake Manawa in the early 20th century?
❷ How is that the same or different from what people do today at Iowa lakes?

Clear Lake Scrapbook

Scrapbooks tell their own stories about lake life

Sioux and Winnebago Indians first lived near what we call Clear Lake in northern Iowa. European-American settlers arrived in 1851. Two years later the pioneers built a permanent settlement. Since then it's been a favorite spot for hunting, swimming, boating, and fishing.

A Clear Lake Ladies Club put this scrapbook together to tell about life on the lake in the 1930s and 1940s. What can you learn from these photos?

These two boys show off their catch—striped yellow bass. While most people fish during the summer at Clear Lake, ice fishing is also popular in the winter.

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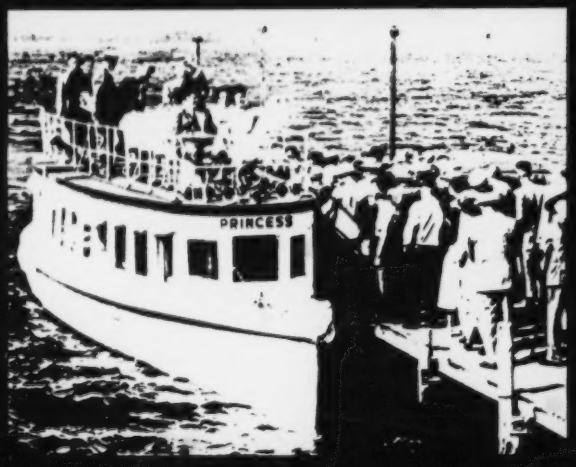
Clear Lake Scrapbook (continued from page 13)



People line up for an afternoon cruise around Clear Lake. What are they wearing? Why do you think they are so dressed up?

A family goes on a picnic at Clear Lake. In the 1940's, people used to really get dressed up when they went to the lakes!

Sailboat racing has always been a cool sport at many Iowa Lakes. The Clear Lake Yacht Club, one of the oldest organizations in the lake area, organized this race.

Here's what Clear Lake looked liked from a bird's eye view in the 1940s. Noticé how few roads and buildings surrounded the lake. How might the lake and surrounding area look today?

Many Lake visitors celebrate the Fourth of July with big picnics, parades, and parties. And, of course, fireworks! This big bang celebration at Clear Lake honored Governor's Day—a party held every year at the end of July.

How to Make Super Sand Castles

We KNOW you KNOW the basics. Make a pile of wet sand, dig some holes, make some walls, and there you are. . . an excellent castle.

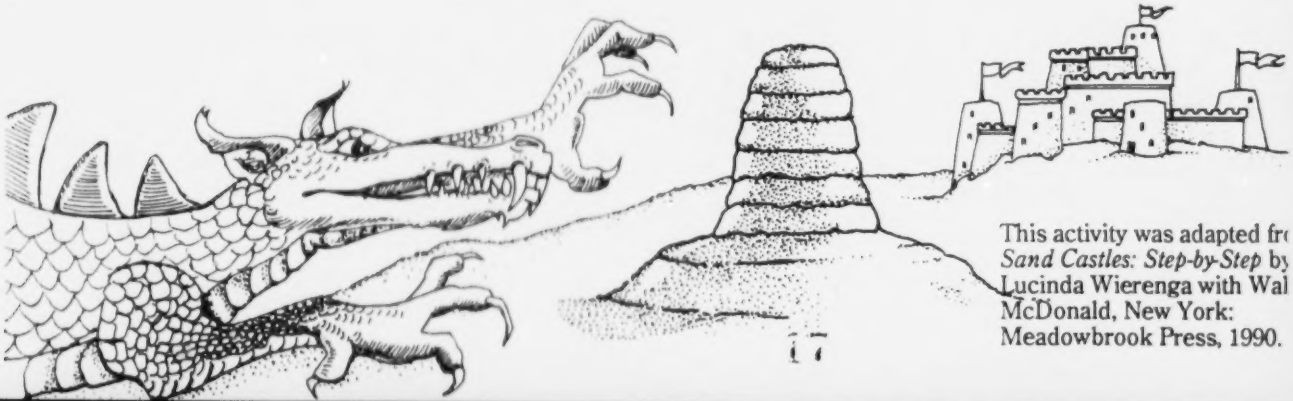
How about making the kind of sand castle that will stun your friends and shock your parents? How would you like to be the BKOB (Big Kid On the Beach)? Try some of these tips.

Hot Tips

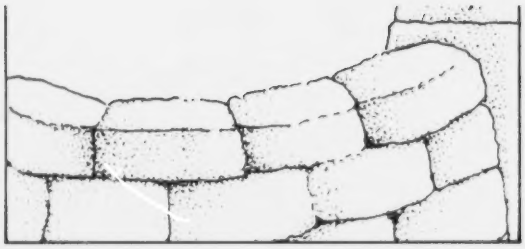
1. Those molds you buy in the toy store aren't really that interesting. They always look exactly the same. You can carve excellent shapes with a plastic bread knife or even a flat piece of shirt cardboard.

2. You might want to start by digging a hole in the sand until you reach water. That way you'll have water right there and you won't have to lug water with your bucket. BONUS—you get an instant pile of sand to build your castle on.

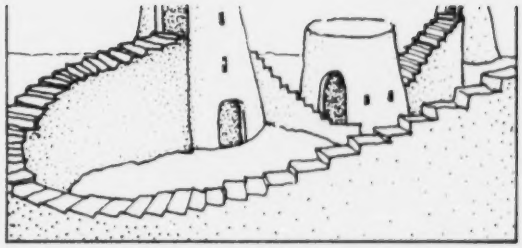
3. To build an extra TALL castle try working with really wet sand. Scoop handfuls and pile them like flat pancakes one upon each other. This makes a strong base which you can make taller and taller.



This activity was adapted fr
Sand Castles: Step-by-Step by
Lucinda Wierenga with Wal
McDonald, New York:
Meadowbrook Press, 1990.



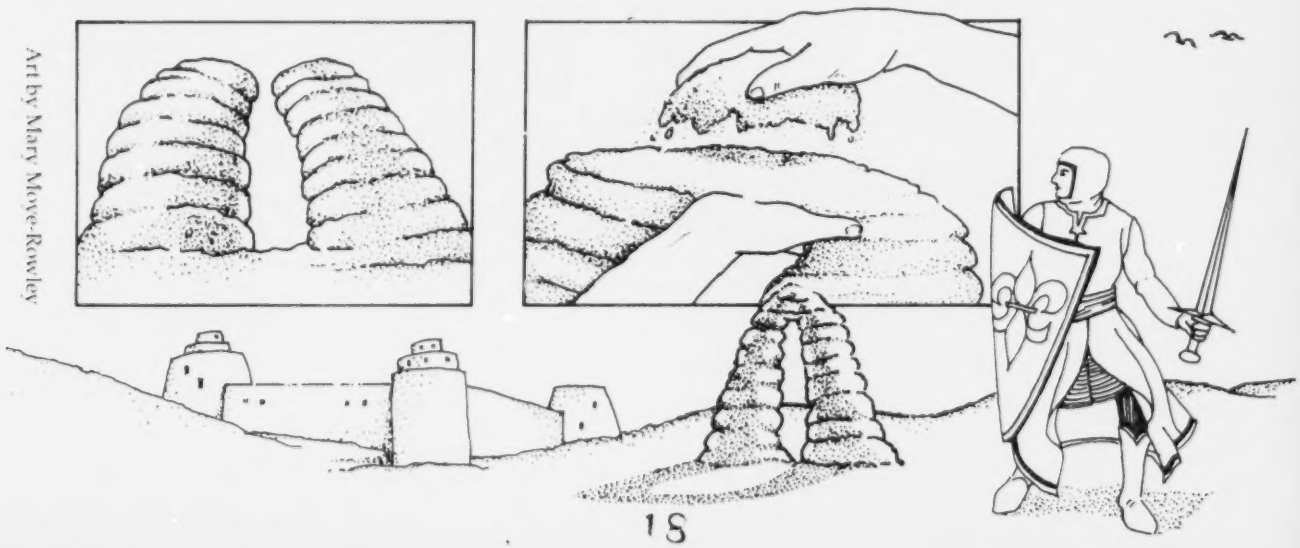
4. To make super strong and tall walls, try building them like the pros. Actually make sand "bricks." Scoop out a handful of wet sand and mold them with your hands into bricks.



5. If you make a wall, why not make it a staircase leading up to a tower? Just put a tower at one end and use the edge of a plastic knife to cut out a sloping staircase.

For experts only: Try building two fat towers near each other. Let them lean just a little bit towards each other. Then bridge the gap between them with the back of your free hand. Pile wet sand over your hand. Keep your hand there. Then gently put one flat handful of sand over the place where the two towers meet. Keep your hands there for a few seconds while the sand dries. Then slowly take your hand out. If you're lucky, you should have an arch that will amaze the other sand castlers on the beach!

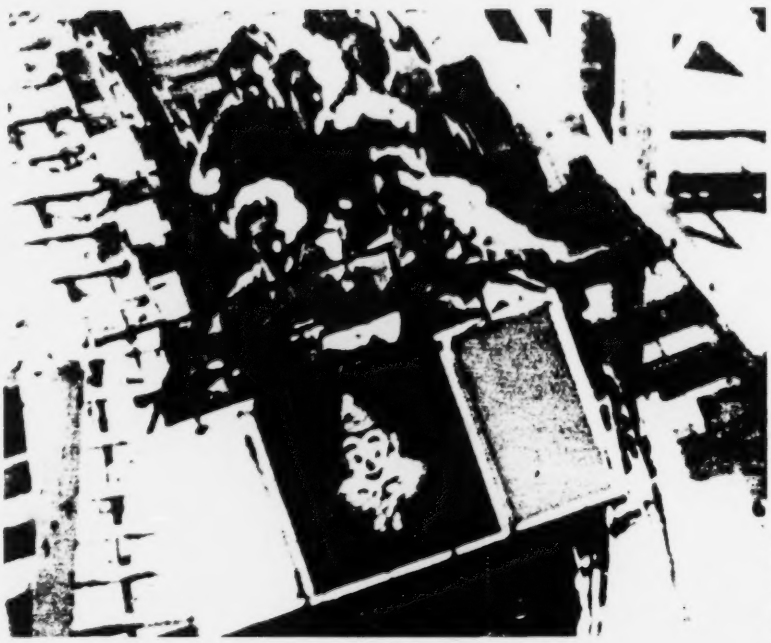
—Susanna Ashton



Art by Mary Moye-Rowley

The Roller Coaster Discovery

Audrey and Jack take a ride that will change their lives forever.



Inset Great Lakes Maritime Museum

"Jacky! Audrey! C'mon, let's go! We'll be late. Don't you want to be the first ones through the gates?" Dad hollered up the stairs.

"Why does he always have to call me 'Jacky?' He knows I'm 14, and too old to be called by such a sissy name," Jack Randall mumbled. He tucked in his white T-shirt and cuffed his dark blue denims, the cool thing to wear in 1954. "Where's my coonskin cap? Audrey! Have you seen my Davy Crockett hat?" Jack yelled down the hall.

"No, silly, I haven't seen your coonskin. But didn't you say you were going to put it on your bedpost so you'd be sure to remember to wear it today?" Audrey reminded him as she went down the hall. Jack felt pretty silly for forgetting where his hat was. And sometimes it was hard for him to remember that Audrey was blind because she was as sharp as a tack and could remember almost anything.

"Why did Dad have to pick today to go to the amusement park in Arnolds Park, did he forget about the Giants game ?" asked Jack. "Everyone's going over to the Hamilton's Radio and Television shop in Spirit Lake to watch the game on the new TV. They say that TV is like radio with pictures. And I have to miss it just to go to a dull old amusement park that I've already been to. What a drag."

"Don't be such a party pooper, Jacky," Audrey said, hooking her pinky through Jack's belt loop as they walked down the stairs side by side. "I've never been to Arnolds Park, and I'm counting on you to show me around." Jack didn't mind when Audrey called him by his childhood nickname. After all, she was only ten. As he remembered his first trip to Arnolds Park and how excited he was to get there, Jack felt a little guilty about being such a grouch. But he was missing one of the biggest games of the season, and he wanted to see the new TV.

Jack and Audrey climbed into the front seat of their dad's green 1952 Pontiac. Jack sat in the middle and Audrey sat close to the door with the window rolled down.

Goldfinch Fiction

by Jen Guttenfelder

She dragged her hand through the wind while her hair flew around her face. She could feel the warmth of the morning sun on her skin.

"How much farther till we get there?" Audrey asked, bouncing on the seat and making the springs squeak in time with the Rosemary Clooney tune playing on the radio.

"It's not too far," Dad said. He gave his daughter a grin, even though she couldn't see him because she told him once that she could hear his smiles. "Our cabin is closer to the park than it has been any other year. We'll be there in five minutes."

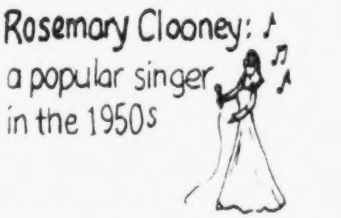
Jack was quiet the rest of the trip. He lagged behind when Dad bought 50 ride tickets from a vendor in the small ticket booth near the center of the park. Audrey held Dad's hand and seemed to be trying to shake it off as she jumped up and down with excitement. Audrey could smell the popcorn and cotton candy, and she heard laughter and screams as the Giant Roller Coaster roared down the famous big dip. She heard music coming from the calliope in the merry-go-round, and jumped at the shriek of the steam whistle on The Old Queen steamboat as it docked. She wanted to do everything at once.

"Mr. Randall!"

"Oh, hello, Herb," Dad smiled as he pried himself loose from Audrey's grip to shake his friend's hand. "How are you?"

"Swell. Good to see you up here again this year."

"Thanks," Dad said. Audrey stood by his side, turning back and forth to hear sounds that caught her interest. She bounced on her toes restlessly, making Jack think of a car he once saw in a drag race. Audrey seemed to be revving her engines. Jack stood a few feet away from Dad and Audrey with his arms crossed, looking down at his feet. He wondered if the game had started and if there had been any runs yet.



Audrey tugged at Dad's hand to tell him to hurry up. Dad didn't seem to be in any hurry, though.

"Jack, here's 20 ride tickets for each of you. Why don't you take Audrey on a couple little rides? I want to catch up on the news with Herb." Jack frowned as Audrey spun around searching the space around her for her big brother. When she found his limp hand, she began tugging him toward the sound of the roller coaster.

"I want to go on the Giant Roller Coaster, Jacky!" she cried, spinning her wheels trying to get Jack to move faster.

"I don't think that's such a good idea, Audrey," Jack said absently. "How about a ride on the merry-go-round? You could do that by yourself," Jack said as he let himself be led by his sister. "Besides," he said as he found himself getting closer and closer to the roller coaster, "Dad said to go on little rides."

"Please, Jack. I want to go on the roller coaster. You rode it ten times in a row when you were eight years old. I'm ten already and I haven't ridden it once. I'm not scared. I promise to hold on to the bar," Audrey begged.

Jack sighed. He was disappointed about missing the game and he wasn't in any mood to argue.

"All right. Let's go," Jack led the way to the roller coaster line. It was pretty long, even though it was early in the day. The Giant Roller Coaster was the most popular ride in Arnolds Park.

Audrey almost tripped when she climbed into the car, but the operator didn't seem to notice. Jack put Audrey's hands on the bar in front of them.

"Hold on tight, and don't let go," he instructed, hooking the lap belt across their legs. Jack put his arm across the back of the seat, like Dad had done when Jack rode

(continued from page 19)

the roller coaster for the first time. "You can lean on me if you want."

"That's okay," Audrey smiled, looking straight ahead as she always did.

The ride began, and Audrey could feel the car climb up the first hill. The metal cars whined on the track, and the wooden frame squeaked and creaked under the weight of the cars. Audrey was excited and sat up straight in her seat. Jack noticed the sign at the crest of the hill that read, "The point of no return." When the car began its fall down the hill Audrey was thrown against the back of the seat and slouched against his arm. Jack saw her knuckles go white as she gripped the safety bar.

"Jacky! Make it stop! I want to get off," Audrey screamed. Suddenly Jack wished that he hadn't taken his little sister on such a big ride.

"Instead of taking care of my sister, I was being selfish and spoiled," thought Jack. The force of the roller coaster pressed her small body close to Jack's, and her head bumped against his shoulder. He tightened the arm he had around her and held her close to comfort her. Jack saw tears being blown from her eyes that still looked straight ahead. He wondered if they were from the wind, but he knew they were tears of fear, and suddenly the missed baseball game didn't seem so important. As the ride ended, Audrey began to slide away from Jack's side, adjusting to the bumps and curves of the ride. When the ride bumped to a halt, Jack felt Audrey's stiff body go limp.

"I'm sorry, Audrey. I shouldn't have let you go on such a big ride. I wasn't thinking. I didn't realize that it would be so scary for you. I can see what's coming and brace myself. But you don't know what to expect. C'mon, I'll buy you an ice cream cone for being so brave," said Jack as he guided Audrey down the exit ramp.

"No," said Audrey. "I want to go again. You used to always tell me how exciting and fun the Giant Roller Coaster was. I was scared. But I want to have fun like you and everybody else. I want to ride it until I get used to the hills and the twists and the turns so they're fun for me too. Please, Jacky. Take me again."

Jack looked at his sister in amazement. "What?!" he exclaimed. "Don't you think once is enough?"

"No. I want to like it the same way you like it. Let me ride again, please."

Jack looked carefully at Audrey's face and saw that she meant what she said. It was important to her to be able to do what people who could see did, even though sometimes it was twice as hard for her. Jack remembered when he was little how he had wanted to ride a bike like his

older cousin, but the bike was too big for him, and he couldn't reach the seat. It took him twice as long to learn how to ride because he had to learn to ride standing up. Several hours and many bumps and bruises later, Jack could ride the bike just as well as his cousin, and he remembered how proud he felt.

He smiled as he remembered and said, "Okay, let's go again."

Audrey smiled back and grabbed his hand.

The second time, Audrey screamed again, but she didn't lean into Jack as much. She could remember some of the twists and turns and even laughed. Jack wondered what it was like for Audrey to ride the roller coaster and not be able to see how high above the park they were and see how blue the water was and how green the trees were. On their third trip, Jack closed his eyes and tried to feel what Audrey felt. He felt the car shake as it climbed the first hill, and he was expecting to climb higher when suddenly the bottom seemed to drop out of the car. He nearly screamed, gripping the safety bar, he felt like he was flying out of his seat. It was hard to keep his eyes closed the rest of the ride, but he squeezed them tight. When they got off and headed back to the end of the line to ride again, Jack was determined to master the roller coaster with his eyes closed. The pair rode the roller coaster until they could both laugh the entire ride.

"I've had enough," said Audrey. "That was fun. How many times do you think we rode the Giant Roller Coaster?"

"At least 15," said Jack, grinning as he put his coonskin cap back on his tousled hair. The whole world looked different now. He squinted at the bright sun and suddenly noticed things he had never bothered to look at before. The mechanical clown on the Fun House seemed bigger than it did before, and the children and grown-ups at The Majestic, the open air skating rink, seemed to fly around the turns. The carneys who ran the game booths seemed to be calling twice as loud, "Step right up!" And the music from the Roof Garden, the dance hall, seemed lighter than cotton candy. The two wandered silently hand in hand from booth to booth listening and watching the people and rides.

"There you are!" cried Dad. "I've been hunting for you two for half an hour." He looked at their shining faces carefully. "What have you two been up to? You look like you conquered the world."

Jack grinned while Audrey proudly announced, "I rode the Giant Roller Coaster, Daddy. It was fun, and I wasn't scared a bit!" ➧

—With Bill and Trish Johnson and Stephen Kennedy

carneys: a slang word for people who work for a fair

❶ Why do you think it was so important to Audrey to ride the Giant Roller Coaster?

❷ Why was Jack determined to learn to ride the roller coaster with his eyes closed?

❸ How is the amusement park at Arnolds Park different from parks today? How is it similiar?

Arnolds Park

In the early days, you could rent a bathing suit, ride in a giant sugar bowl, and zip around on the roller coaster at Arnolds Park!

pavilion: a building or part of a building with open sides – it is used for exhibits, dancing, and entertainment

It's back! Arnolds Park—the amusement park that is.

In the 1870s, W.B. Arnold bought the land where the present-day park is located. The first railroad, the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, came to the lakes in 1883. Their depot was located only a short distance from the Arnolds home. Arnold added on to his home and called it the Arnolds Park Hotel. The first visitors were people who fished and hunted. Families came in later summers.

People from around the area would come to Arnolds Park in the 1880s to see who was at the hotel or camping near by and to hear fishing tales. Arnold encouraged the public to visit his hotel. He sold popcorn, candy, shells, trinkets, and postcards. People swam, fished, and picnicked. Visitors took part in shooting competitions and potato sack races.

Kids loved the large water slide built near the park in Lake Okoboji in 1890. At the time few people owned a bathing suit. So you could rent one at the bathhouse for a dime. They even stored your clothes while you swam.

Crowds line up at Arnolds Park, the amusement park, in 1959.

In 1905, Arnold died and left the park property to his two daughters. They each developed a separate amusment park right next to each other, Arnolds Park and Stevens Park.

At Arnolds Park, people danced and watched movies at the new pavilion built in 1915. Later it became the fun house, a place where kids could play all day on a variety of rides. A humungous sugar bowl twirled you around. Children could spend all day in the fun house in the 1950s for 25 cents.

The two parks had just about two of every type of entertainment: two roller rinks, two roller coasters, two spook houses, two bumper car rides, and even two fortune tellers. Guess you could get a second opinion.

The parks merged in 1974. In 1987, Arnolds Park closed at the end of the season. But in 1989, Arnolds Park was rebuilt and reopened. Now you can ride the roller coaster!

—Stephen Kennedy

Iowa Great Lakes Maze

It's a beautiful day for boating on Spirit Lake, but you've left your boat in Arnolds Park! Can you find the path around Iowa's Great Lakes that will lead you to your boat? (P.S. You won't find these paths at the lakes—they're made up!)

Answer on page 30.

Art by Mary Moye-Rowley

You can help Wild Rosie slip into a typical swimsuit from 1920, 1940, or 1960. Her beachwear was drawn from photographs of Iowans wearing these suits.

Swimwear has always been a symbol of how people think about women and men at different times in history.

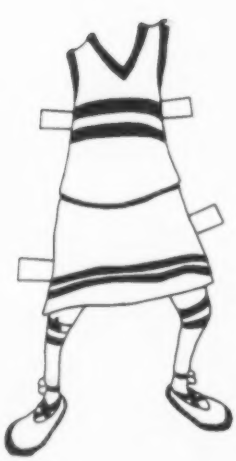
The first bathing suits appeared in Greece about 2300 years ago. Until the 18th century, Europeans didn't really hang out too much in the water. In the early 1800s, Americans began to flock to beaches. Swimming became quite popular on the East Coast by 1850.

In the late 19th century, people didn't want to show too much of their bodies. Around 1900, an Iowa woman might wear a bathing dress, with a pair of knee-length shorts, stockings, and special little shoes. Sailor suits were popular for boys.

The 1920s was a period of rebellion and free spirit for women. And their swimming suits showed it.

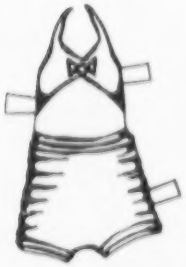
By the 1940s, suits were even more daring. Public interest in swimming and the new sport of "sunbathing" peaked. The first suntan fad appeared during this period. Previously people didn't think it was attractive to get a tan.

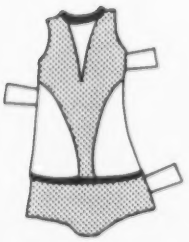
A sudden surge in private swimming pools in the 1960s contributed to the popularity of the skimpy, two-piece bikini—especially cool was the polka-dotted bikini. It was also a time when women's rights, student protest, long hair, and change was in the air. So the more revealing the suit, the more popular it became. ➡



1920

ART BY JERRY BROWN





1940

1960

So what did boys wear? The two Iowa guys below show off their 1919 knit one-piece suits. Men could get away with wearing less clothing than women.

❶ What do swimsuits today look like? How are they the same or different from the suits shown here?
❷ What do changes in swimwear say about the role of women in society?
❸ What do you think swimsuits of the future might look like? Try drawing one.

The Ice Harvest

It's the hottest day in July and you're dying of thirst. You go inside to the kitchen for some pop. First, you fill a glass with ice cubes from the freezer.

Imagine living at a time when there weren't ice cubes or refrigerators. How would you keep things cold? You would use ice from a lake.

In the early 20th century, workers harvested a unique crop from Iowa lakes and rivers. This crop was ice. Ice played an important role in households. It kept the milk, meat, and other foods from spoiling. The ice industry also provided jobs for many people during the long winters.

harvested: gathered or collected ripe crops

The ice season always took place during the coldest weeks of the year. Ice was at its thickest then. Ice companies hired crews to clear the snow from a frozen lake. Horses used drags to clear the lake surface by pulling the snow off the lake. Later machines did this work.

Bathtub chunks of ice

After the ice was cleared, crews sawed out blocks of ice about half the size of a bathtub. Using long poles, they floated these blocks through channels of water to the shore. There, horses towed the blocks up a wooden chute and into wagon sleds.

After the harvest, the companies kept the blocks of ice in an ice house. An ice house looked like a large barn. Workers stacked the blocks like bricks. They packed sawdust around each block to keep the ice from melting until it was sold even through the hottest summers.

The "ice man," who had a route like a mail carrier's, sold the ice blocks. The delivery person made door-to-door deliveries with a horse-drawn wagon. Ice cards in the windows of the houses along the route told how much ice was needed. Ice could be delivered in blocks or shavings. (An ice shaver was used to shave the ice.) Shaved ice was more work, but it was a special treat when added to lemonade.

Children often looked forward to the delivery of ice. They ran to meet the delivery person and often got a small piece of ice to suck on as a summer treat.

—Jen Guttenfelder

During the winter, Iowa lakes are also quite popular fishing spots!

Ice Harvest Game

by Jen Guttenfelder

The snow has been cleared and you're ready to carve out your block of ice, but first you've got to find just the right piece. Look for your block of ice in the lake below. To help you find it, circle the words listed below. (The words go up and down and diagonally.) They'll lead you to your block of ice.

Next, find the word ICE in the shape of a square and that's your block. When you've found your block of ice draw a box around it. Good luck! Don't fall through a patch of thin ice! Answers on page 30.

Words to find:

DRAGS
ICE HOUSE *
CHUTE
ICE MAN
INSULATOR
ICE CARD *
CHANNEL *
ICE SHAVER

hint: * These words are spelled backwards in the lake

L	O	T	S	M	T	A	G	S	P					
U	E	C	I	D	S	O	P	H	Y	X	U	E	N	
R	V	N	R	B	R	C	D	R	A	G	S	O	C	D
	T	E	N	O	H	D	R	G	P	S	T	C	R	S
		M	U	A	S	U	A	N	N	L	O	R	I	T
		O	T	R	H	L	C	H	L	P	N	C	L	
		Q	R	H	I	C	E	M	A	N	G	Z	C	L
C	H	Y	W	R	C	E	C	A	N	H	R	A	R	P	L
E	S	U	O	H	E	C	I	N	S	U	L	A	T	O	R
T	S	C	R	B	S	O	H	J	K	Q	J	K	M	T	G
O	R	P	E	S	H	G	H	U	Y	M	L	U	P	X	A
	D	R	N	Y	A	U	D	O	T	L	H	S	N	P	
	O	R	E	X	V	T	R	H	G	E	R	G	I		
			J	P	E	E	A	L	R	M	I	T			
			V	E	R	S	T	I	P	T	J	P			

Art by Mary Moyc-Rowley.

How Clean Are Our Lakes?

What pollutes Iowa's lakes? Believe it or not, soil.

reservoir: a place where water is collected and stored for use - it often looks like a regular lake

It's another fine day at the beach. Kids run into the water to swim. It could be any Iowa lake or reservoir with a beach on a hot summer day. And at the end of the day, most people take their trash with them or deposit it in waste cans on the beach.

When most of us think about lake pollution we imagine pop cans floating in the lake or icky stuff draining into the water. But the number one cause of water topsoil. We've got a lot of rich dirt clogging up our lakes.

Iowa's lakes are filling up with fine soil, called silt, that turns the clear water into an ugly, muddy brown. Sometimes farm chemicals called pesticides stick to the dirt and then the chemicals go in the water, as well. What happens next is known as a chain reaction:

❶ The soil takes oxygen out of the lakes by making water cloudy. Plants in water need light to make oxygen.

❷ The microorganisms, fish, and small water animals die without oxygen.

❸ When they die,larger fish and wildlife who depend on them for food also are harmed.

❹ Water quality continues to decline.

The scoop on dirt

Through the years, Iowa's major water pollution problems have changed. At first, people were concerned that bacteria from human and animal wastes went into water and spread diseases. Indoor plumbing and sewer systems helped take care of that.

Then, industrial plants released harmful chemicals into rivers and lakes. But federal and state laws

watersheds: water that drains into a lake from the surrounding land

worked to clean up the water and stop this kind of pollution.

These days, a lot more people hang out at Iowa lakes. Ever since railroads brought lake goers to Iowa's lakes in the 1880s, lake business has boomed. So we've built roads, restaurants and gas stations, and more hotels than in the past. Most important, farming practices have changed in ways that increased erosion. As a result dirt runs off from roads and into lakes. These watersheds are places where water runs downhill until it reaches a body of water. ➥

—Elizabeth Todd

What you can do

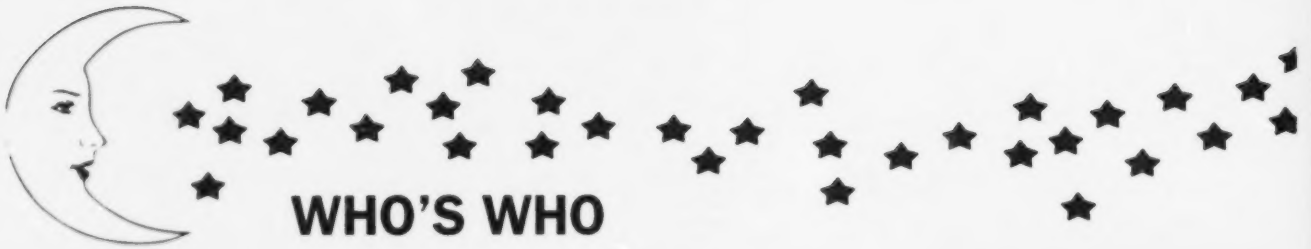
Let's say you want to go to an Iowa lake. What can you do to help keep our lakes clean? "Keep the area nice, or the way you found it," suggested Barb Gigar, a water education expert for the Iowa Department of Natural Resources (DNR). "If you see trash, pick it up. If you make trash, take it with you," she told The Goldfinch. Here are some additional clean water tips:

❶ Don't sink pop cans. They make our lakes dirty. Take them with you.

❷ Respect Iowa's lakes like your house—keep them clean!

❸ Be careful with fishing line. It can hurt birds or fish. Sometimes even people get snagged in it.

❹ Leave lake weeds alone. Often, baby fish live in these weeds. ➥



WHO'S WHO

NAME: Maynard Reece
LIVED: 1920s to present
DESCRIPTION: A self-tauant wildlife artist
KNOWN TO SPEND TIME IN: Arnolds Park (the town). He explored the lakes in northern Iowa as a kid. He drew the birds and animals he saw in the old Historical Museum in Des Moines when he was young. After designing magazines in New York for a few years, Reece returned to Iowa to where he continued sketching animals. Now Reece lives and paints in Des Moines.
KNOWN FOR: His paintings of birds, blue lakes, and clean rivers where ducks and geese fly free. He has won many national awards and he is his paintings to people all over the United States.
LAST HEARD SAYING: "My favorite subject to paint is water. I'm fascinated by water and water action. One reason I paint so many waterfowl is because they are always around water."

NAME: Abbie Gardner Sharp
LIVED: Born in Seneca County, New York, 1843. Died in 1921
DESCRIPTION: A child victim and later, a smart business woman
KNOWN TO SPEND TIME IN: Arnolds Park, (the town)
KNOWN FOR: As a child, she was kidnapped by Sioux Indians in 1857. She wrote a book about the incident and returned to her family's original cabin on the shores of Lake Okoboji. She turned Gardner Cabin into a museum and gift shop and it became one of Iowa's first tourist attractions. The State Historical Society of Iowa acquired the historic site in 1959.
LAST HEARD SAYING: "The darkest cloud has its silver lining, if not its golden border. Till I had known sorrow, I did not, could not, know sympathy."

NAME: J.N. "Ding" Darling
LIVED: 1876-1961
DESCRIPTION: Editorial cartoonist
KNOWN TO SPEND TIME IN: Born in Norwood, Michigan, but spent most of his early years in Sioux City, Iowa. Except for a brief time in New York, he lived in Iowa and worked for *The Des Moines Register*.
KNOWN FOR: His work to protect land and wildlife. His cartoons drew attention to the need for carefully using and protecting natural resources such as soil, forests, lakes, and wild animals. Darling helped to raise funds through the Duck Stamp Act, a federal law which required the sale of a federal stamp to every hunter of migratory waterfowl. The money from these stamps is used to manage wildlife refuges and enforce hunting rules. Ding also helped form the National Wildlife Federation to help educate the public.
LAST HEARD SAYING: "A puddle for every duck."

ANSWERS

Page 23 (Great Lakes Maze):

Page 27 (Ice Harvest Game):

L O T S M T A G S P
U E C I D S O P H Y X U E N
R V N R B R C D R A G S O C D
T E N O H D R G P S T C R S
M U A S U A N N L O R I T
O T R H L C H L P N C L
Q R H I C E M A N G Z C L
C H Y W R C E C A N H R A R P L
E S U O H E C N N S U L A T O R
T S C R B S O H J K Q J K M T G
O R P E S H G H U Y M L U P X A
D R N Y A U D O T L H S N P
O R E X V T R H G E R G I
J P E E A L R M I T
V E R S T I P T J P

The Roost

THIS IS THE LIFE, ROSIE. GOOD FRIENDS, A LAKE, AND LOTS OF HUNGRY FISH.
YEAH, THIS IS TOTALLY RELAXING.
Z
HUH!
WHAT?!
ZING!
ZIP!
AAAAAHHHEEEE!!
BLUB
BLUB
OOH!
AARGHH!!!!!
BLAHH!
?
SNAP!
IT DOESN'T GET ANY BETTER THAN THIS!
JERRY BROWN

History Mystery

1. We pulled these photographs out of our own family photo albums
2. When we were kids, the editor of *The Goldfinch* (in the boat) and the director o publications (on the right, holding up the beach ball) loved going to "The Lake'
3. Why do people like going to Iowa Lakes?
   Read this issue of *The Goldfinch* to find out.

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